Foole. Let me hire him too, heer's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my prety knaue, how do'ſt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking on's part, that's out of fauour, nay and thou can'ſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou't catch cold ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two on's daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nuncle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, id'e keepe my coxcombs my ſelfe, ther's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heede ſirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is a dog that muſt to kenell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when Ladie oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtincke.

Lear. A peſtilent gull to mee.

Foole. Sirra ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Doe.

Foole. Marke it vncle, haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Preethe tell him ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doo'ſt know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach mee.

Foole. That Lord that counſail'd thee to giue away thy land,
Come place him heere by mee, doe thou for him ſtand,
The ſweet and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Do'ſt thou call mee foole boy?

Foole. All thy other Titles thou haſt giuen away, that thou waſt borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part an't, and Ladies too, they will not let me haue all the foole to my ſelfe, they'l be ſnatching; giue me an egge Nuncle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why, after I haue cut the egge i'th middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge; when thou cloueſt thy crowne i'th middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy aſſe a'th backe o'er the durt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away, if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits doe weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs ſirra?

Foole. I haue vs'd it nuncle, euer ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gaueſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine own breeches, then they for ſudden ioy did weep, and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethe Nunckle keepe a ſchoolemaſter that can teach thy foole to lye, I would faine learne to lye.

Lear. And you lye, weele haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and ſometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kind of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nuncle, thou haſt pared thy wit a both ſides, & left nothing in the middle, here comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on, Me thinks you are too much alate i'th frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a prettie fellow when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowne, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes for-